

## GERMAN RED TAPE

A Most Irritating Brand Is Used In the Postoffices.

In all innocence and lightness of heart I set out one morning to send a small parcel to England from the town in Germany where I was staying. At the postoffice I was confronted by three booking office windows, each having a weird and formidable inscription over it. These inscriptions were not to be comprehended at a glance; so, not wishing to gaze up at them too long, I selected the least crowded window and handed over my parcel. It was promptly returned to me with a curt "Go to the next window!" It was just that window I specially wished to avoid, being the most crowded, but I waited my turn and then made another attempt. The official looked at me sternly.

"Have you the circulars?" he asked. "No," I replied faintly. He handed me three circulars, for which I had to pay a small sum and which I was requested to fill up. Picking up my parcel, I sat down to study those circulars. They were covered with instructions, the language used was magnificent, and the effect was so overwhelming that I found it difficult to grasp what I was instructed to do. If my papers were not filled up accurately it was not from untruthfulness, but owing to my limited German vocabulary.

By the time I had described the parcel, the gross weight thereof in grams and kilograms, the gross value thereof in marks and pfennigs and given a detailed description of each article contained therein, with its separate weight and value, I felt like an old inhabitant of that postoffice. I had seen, as it were, generation after generation of stamp purchasers come

and go, and still I remained. As to the weights, my idea of kilograms was about on a par with my knowledge of definite integrals. However, I did my best. I guessed at the probable weight of the parcel and divided the articles into it.

## SAGE TEA BEAUTIFULLY DARKENS THE HAIR WHEN FADED AND GRAY

Mixed With Sulphur Makes Hair Soft, Lustrous and Cures Dandruff.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays skilled chemists do this better than ourselves. By asking at any drug store for the ready-to-use product—called "Wyeth's Sage

and Sulphur Hair Remedy"—you will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Some druggists make their own, which is usually too sticky, so insist upon getting "Wyeth's" which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, feverish, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well known down town druggist says his customers insist on Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, because, they say, it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. Do this at night and by morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant. (Adv)

## PRESIDENT OF COSTA RICA DOESN'T BELIEVE IN RACE SUICIDE



President of Costa Rica and his family.

The returns of the recent election in Costa Rica showed the election of Senor Don Rafael Iglesias to the presidency for the third time. The president is closely related to a prominent shipping man in New York, and a sister of the "first lady of Costa Rica" is a resident of New Rochelle, New York. President Iglesias is bitterly opposed to race suicide, and has ten lively and healthy children.

"At length I came to the end, and, feeling like a candidate at an examination, I gathered up my papers and the parcel and went over to the window. After waiting my turn I handed over the papers. The official glanced at them, then at the parcel, and frowned.

"Did you weigh the articles?" he asked sternly.

"Ya-a-a!" I stammered. "Then go home and weigh them again. You have put them down at half a ton!"

There was no help for it. With a sigh I gathered up my papers and went back to a secluded corner. After patiently reducing all the weights I again presented the papers. This time they were passed, and I was sent on to the next department, where I had to purchase and fill up another document. I was now getting into form, and this paper was soon dealt with.

Then, with my heart beating fast, I handed over the parcel. It was once more returned to me. The official said he could not take it in that condition—it was insecurely made up.

Now, if there is one thing upon which I pride myself it is upon the neat way in which I turn out a parcel. So, smothering my indignation as well as I could, I assured him that it would be all right, that it was perfectly safe and that there was nothing in it which was breakable. He repeated firmly that it was insecure and that he could not take it. So I sadly collected my

papers and the parcel and went home to dinner.

I spent all the afternoon trying to purchase a cardboard box of exactly the right proportions and some waterproof cloth to wrap round it. I next procured a stick of sealing wax and a German seal, and by the time I had finished that parcel looked as if it were prepared to travel to the north pole.

"They won't take it like this," he said cheerfully. I groaned and asked: "Why not?"

"There's not enough sealing wax on it."

"Not enough sealing wax?" I cried incredulously.

"No. You must put a blob wherever the string crosses and wherever there's a knot."

In desperation I seized the sealing wax and worked away until I had used it to the last speck and the parcel was one intricate mass of string and wax. Then I conveyed it once more to the postoffice. It was now almost closing time, and the officials were in a hurry to get away. I handed over the papers and the parcel without a word.

Two minutes later I walked out of the postoffice with joy in my heart and a smile of satisfaction on my face. I had sent the parcel off.—London Family Herald.

All the news all the time—The Argus.

## WOMEN OF POLAND

More Ardent Than the Men In Their Love For Their Country.

Woman occupies a position of unusual prominence in Poland. Some place her as superior to man in nearly every way. In the various conspiracies and in the revolutions against Russia Polish women have had an important part. Many have given up all their worldly goods in the cause of their country, while others have fought on the field of battle and lost their lives in the same cause. Still others have gone into exile without a murmur. They are capable of any sacrifice for patriotic aims, and they prove their sincerity by their actions. The women are still the most zealous patriots, and it is due to them more than to the other sex that patriotic feeling is still so intense. Thus writes Nerin O. Winter in his "Poland of Today and Yesterday."

The Polish women, he continues, have always been noted for their beauty and the perfect shape of their hands and feet. They take part in all the social affairs, and no festival is complete without their presence. They are extremely good linguists, and nearly all speak two or three languages. In Warsaw I met one young woman of nineteen or twenty summers, just out of school, who spoke Russian, German, French and English almost as fluently as her native Polish. This is not an uncommon accomplishment.

The women do not enjoy the social freedom of the American girls, as the chaperon is still a necessity to protect the good name of a girl. They are never left unprotected. Marriages are made in much the same manner as in France, and the contracting parties frequently know little about each other before they are joined for better or worse.

"The will of my honored parents has ever been a sacred law to me," says the Polish girl, with resignation. When a messenger came with a proposal of marriage if a goose was served with dark gravy at dinner or a pumpkin was put in the carriage as he was leaving this meant that the offer was positively refused. "He was treated to a goose fricassee" was an expression frequently heard in the olden days.

The Polish women of the upper classes are undoubtedly charming and possessed of the graces of true womanliness. Perhaps it is the possession of these womanly qualities and the absence of the masculine elements wherein lies their real charm. A pencil or brush is certainly a better medium than a pen to portray such attractive types of womanhood.

The lot of the peasant woman, however, is especially hard, as it is with all Slav races, and this is noticeable throughout all the Polish provinces. They do more than their full share of the family work. Sometimes one will see more women in the fields than men, and a kaleidoscopic effect of color is then visible. Blue, green, yellow, gold and silver are mingled in various combinations. They pin up the overskirt,

which leaves a bright petticoat exposed to view.

Woman is valued chiefly for the work she can do, and she is expected to bear a large family of children as well. For a man to say that his wife does more work than a horse or two horses is considered the acme of praise. It is no wonder that a girl naturally attractive soon grows old and haggard. Hard work, with little pleasure, the care of a numerous family and no regard for personal attraction must inevitably leave their mark before many years; hence it is that many of these Polish women look haggard and old even before they have passed the third decade of life.

There are, indeed, few bright spots in a Polish peasant girl's life after marriage. In their youth some of the girls are very attractive, and they look quite charming in their picturesque national costumes that are still common in Galicia. They generally go barefooted in summer, for boots cost money. Sometimes they will carry their boots when going to church and only put them on just before entering the sanctuary.

"Do women work on the railroads as section hands?" I asked a fellow passenger on the railway in Galicia. I

had seen groups of women along the track with pick and shovel in hand, but could scarcely believe that they did the hard work of that occupation. "Yes, and they do the work better than the men," he replied.

At Cracow I have seen them carrying mortar for the masons and plasterers where new buildings are being erected. They were spading the flower beds in the parks and were doing the work as well as the masculine overseer could have done it. They hang paper or paint a house. It did not make any difference whether there were three or a dozen women working together, there was always one met who did nothing but act as overseer. Along the roads they may be seen carrying heavy bundles or pushing loaded wheelbarrows. Everywhere they may be observed doing work that involves considerable physical strength.

Solitude can be delightful only to the innocent.—Leszekynski.

Would Have to Move. "John, the janitor's son whipped Jimmy today."

"Well, that's no great calamity. Suppose Jimmy had whipped the janitor's son?"—Pittsburg Post.

# Specimen Official Ballot

To be Voted Tuesday, April 7, 1914  
In the Township of Rock Island, Illinois

### REPUBLICAN

For Supervisor.

☐ A. J. RIESS

For Assistant Supervisors.

☐ J. E. LARKIN  
☐ S. R. WRIGHT  
☐ EZRA WILCHER  
☐ FOSTER COYNE

For Town Clerk.

☐ W. A. FREWERT

For Assessor.

☐ JOHN F. MOELLER

For Collector.

☐ ERNEST RUSS

### DEMOCRATIC

For Supervisor.

☐ WILLIAM TREFZ

For Assistant Supervisors.

☐ W. C. PECK  
☐ J. F. DINDINGER  
☐ ADDISON RUSH  
☐ ALBERT C. SCHMIDT

For Town Clerk.

☐ GEORGE W. COX

For Assessor.

☐ S. A. LAVANWAY

For Collector.

☐ HENRY C. WYNES

### PROGRESSIVE

For Supervisor.

☐ CLARA B. HAMPTON

For Assistant Supervisors.

☐ HARRY H. UNVERFORTH  
☐ J. CLINTON SEARLE  
☐ FRANK O. CANEDY  
☐ LAWRENCE E. JONES

For Town Clerk.

☐ GEORGE GARWOOD

For Assessor.

☐ HENRY A. GROVE

For Collector.

☐ MAY CULTON

### SOCIALIST

For Supervisor.

☐ JAMES S. DART

For Assistant Supervisors.

☐ JOSEPH DOERING  
☐ VALENTINE NOLD  
☐ ANDREW OLSON  
☐ FRANK GARLICH

For Town Clerk.

☐ EDGAR W. OWENS

For Assessor.

☐ ROBERT A. ADAMS

For Collector.

☐ OTTO WOEST

### INDEPENDENT

For Supervisor.

☐ .....

For Assistant Supervisors.

☐ .....  
☐ .....  
☐ .....

For Town Clerk.

☐ .....

For Assessor.

☐ .....

For Collector.

☐ WILLIAM H. CARPENTER

Shall this town become Anti-Saloon Territory?

Yes  
No